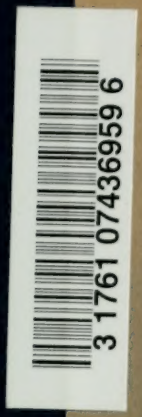
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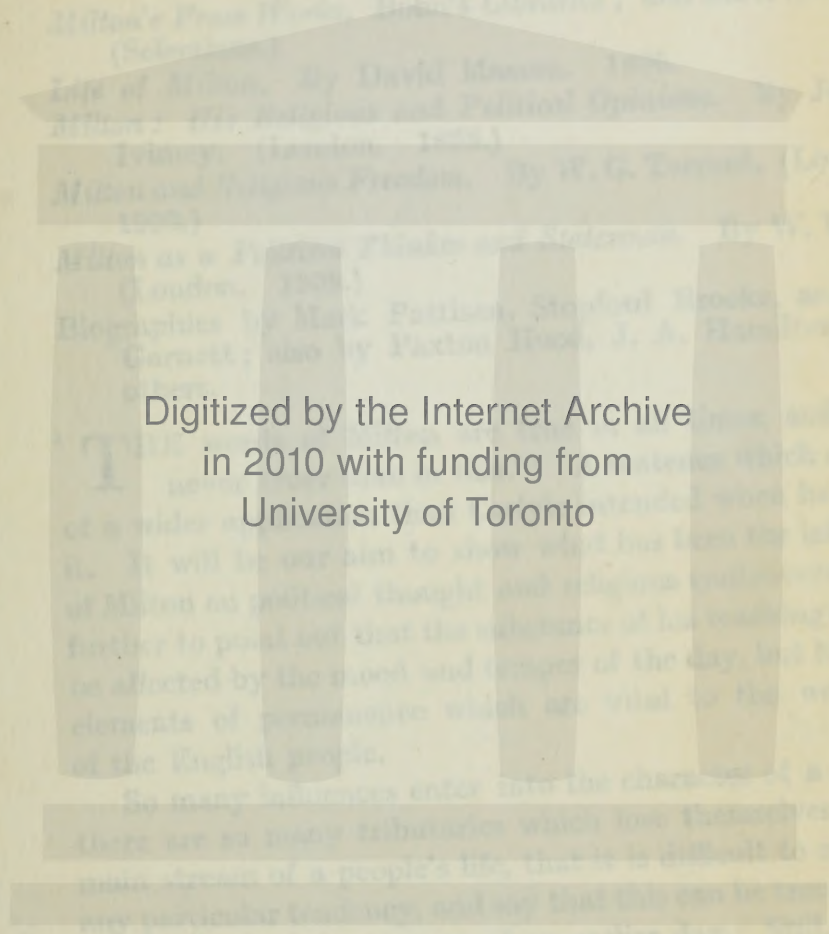

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MILTON AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND

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'THE words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this.'[1] A sentence which admits of a wider application than Carlyle intended when he wrote it. It will be our aim to show what has been the influence of Milton on political thought and religious controversy, and further to point out that the substance of his teaching cannot be affected by the mood and temper of the day, but has in it elements of permanence which are vital to the wellbeing of the English people.

So many influences enter into the character of a nation, there are so many tributaries which lose themselves in the main stream of a people's life, that it is difficult to separate any particular tendency, and say that this can be traced back to some man or movement of an earlier day. Still, in any attempt at analysis, we should be careful not to refuse off-hand to a teacher of power and light the credit which presumably may be his due. After all, viewed from the political and social standpoint, a nation's lifetime has its 'dispensations,' each of which has its special attributes and

[1] Carlyle, *Miscellaneous Essays*, Vol. II, p. 51.

functions. If there be such a thing as historical evolution it may be said that each age marks the beginning of some new departure, or is the illumination or rediscovery of that which, if not quite new, has been lost sight of. It is well—if possible—to find, as nearly as may be, the point where each new movement begins, and, therefore, to credit the epochal moment with that which grows like it, and is valuable and abiding in the direction which the progress of a nation takes.

More than any other man in English history, Milton was the apostle of liberty—liberty of thought, liberty of discussion. On this subject his works are text-books for all time. Comparing the present with the past, and allowing for other great forces working in the same direction, we may claim that he had much to do with the making of modern England.

It must be admitted that the ethnological conditions were favourable for the teachings of Milton. In his *Eikonoklastes* he speaks of 'the old English fortitude and love of freedom.' England is Freedom's native soil. There are races which do not seem ripe for free institutions. 'The iron has entered into their soul.' In thought and spirit they are slaves, and—to be safe—the work of emancipation must be gradual. In matters religious and political it has always been otherwise with the robust and liberty-loving Anglo-Saxons. In the Englishman there is a natural affinity for freer forms of faith than are acclimatized among the Latin nations. Even the religions of 'authority' have to accommodate themselves to the democratic spirit inherited from his ancestors. With this racial trait his composite origin has not interfered. Worshipper of Odin and Thor, his native virility was unweakened by vices such as we associate with the mythologies of Greece and Rome. Valhalla, with its robust delights, was the last home of heroes. Whether they came from the banks of the Elbe or the Rhine, the fjords of Norway or the dunes of Daneland, his

forefathers drank in the breath of freedom from the storms and blasts of Scandinavian seas. Even the Norman element —though predominant for a time—became finally absorbed in the moral fabric of the nation's life, and the original type prevailed. We are all English to-day.

And never, perhaps, was a mission entrusted to a people with such a capacity for propaganda. The Teutonic branch of the Aryan family has been a providence to the world. Milton's prophecy has come true. The Englishman has succeeded the Jew. 'Why else was this nation chosen before any other? What does He then reveal Himself to His servants, and, as His manner is, first to His Englishmen!'[1] His boundless empire: his language spoken by increasing millions on three continents, are the means by which such tenets are transmitted and perpetuated. Nor when the two civilizations are compared is it likely that the Slav—in spite of his extraordinary fecundity and evergrowing dominions—can displace the ruling race.

And as with the racial denomination so with the previous history of the English people. Seldom does a great political cataclysm burst on the consciousness of a nation, like the fully armed Pallas from the brain of Zeus. In nature mysterious notices, intimations, subterranean reverberations, volcanic eruptions are ominous of impending catastrophe. So in national movements there are always forerunners who announce the coming of some greater one who is to follow. English history has been the history of liberty. Before Milton's day the tyrannies of popes and kings had not been allowed to go on without challenge and resistance. The body of the strong man was bound, but not his soul. The Viking spirit was not dead. Again and again, in insurrection and revolt, his right to the old liberties was asserted. And what was even more unconquerable was his sense of Christian freedom. It never was killed out of him. Runnimede and the Magna Charta, the names of Wyclif and the Reformers,

[1] *Areopagitica*. Bohn, Vol. II, p. 90 et seq.

the emigration of the Pilgrim Fathers, and now the wars of King and Parliament—all stood for the principle of eternal protest. Once uttered, such words as came from these upholders of a nation's independence have in them something more than a gramophonic gift of speech. They are the most living things on record. Once out, truth never really returns to the prison and the night.

So there comes the Hour and the Man. The Hour was the hour of the Stuart tyranny and the corruption of the court. To the rising spirit of the land what greater provocation could have been given? For the doing away of the Old and the inbringing of the New, what better justification? All that was needed was the occasion.

The supporters of that which had to be done away with provided the occasion. The hands that manacled the mind of England were the hands that erected the stage on which the drama of the Revolution had to be played. The party of king and court, of church and cavalier, themselves chose the field of action—and, what was still more decisive to their hopes, as in the dark day of Culloden long years after—they selected the very position they occupied in the momentous battle for victory. On the other hand, the 'rebels' had not only a great cause, but leaders worthy of the cause.

Taking it in the widest sense the story of English liberty is one of the grandest ever told by man, and is, perhaps, our most precious earthly inheritance. In this story two names stand foremost—the names of Cromwell and Milton—the Garibaldi and Mazzini of our own revolution. They were the men of the hour—the hour of England's providential opportunity. Whatever be our creed and politics, surely these are names which should make us proud that we are of the same land and blood. Like the two Italian patriots these great twin brethren—the Prophet and the Man of Action—had each of them his work to do. But like elements that coalesce and support each other in the ministries of

nature, they form a unity of force and result in the marvellous story.

Of the two Milton attracts us most. Nature had cast him in a fair and winsome mould. In him dwelt the spirit of the ages. Learning and science were his, and that which gives wings to learning—imagination, the creator of new worlds. All high affinities, speculations, noble converse, choice friendships were his. First in the 'Laureate Fraternity of Poets, dweller in the shady spaces of philosophy, sojourner in deep retreats, the joyful companion of Apollo,' great singer of 'Magnific Hymns and Odes,' he appealed to the many sides of the English character. Of his high genius there is no one who cannot feel the charm. Cromwell had none of this. His strength lay elsewhere, but, whether his statue be placed inside or outside the precincts of Parliament, the great soldier-statesman will never lack friends and defenders.

Milton was 'the literary chief of lay independency.' 'He was the genius of Puritan England—always a Puritan.' Yet, in virtue of those rich elements of character which were in him, greater than the Puritan. To his personal beauty, his genius and accomplishments, reference has been made. But in him there were deeper sources of strength, even than these. His lofty character, his high spirit and courage, his clear purpose in life, never excelled by mortal man, his holy scorn of all things base, his anchorage in God—these were the several parts of the silver armour with which the virgins harnessed him for the stern conflicts of the way. In his youth, when in Italy—a greater Crichton—he dazzled the *literati* of Rome and Florence with the brilliance of his gifts and stores of learning, yet, on challenge, feared not to maintain his Protestant faith.

That he had faults cannot be disputed, too austere perhaps he was, yet kind withal, too violent in controversy, and, in later life, there were regrettable errors in doctrine,[1]

[1] *A Treatise on Christian Doctrine.*

though in all things he was sincere. But when the worst is said—and this is the worst—it must be remembered, though 'the first of men,' that he was only a man. Like those who, without a tithe of his virtue and genius, cavil at him, he was human. With such transcendent endowments, had he been flawless, whatever he would have been he would not have been a man. Though so far above the common run, he had that saving 'touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.' Dr. Garnett claims for him, as poet and man, 'unity of character.' Never, before nor since, has such a splendid figure crossed the broad stage of English public life. He was the Sir Galahad of English literature, 'born a knight.' 'Fit person to do noblest and godliest deeds.'

Such was the instrument by which the Providence who watches the rights and hears the prayers of men and nations, worked out His purpose. Like a flood, the best spirit of ages past had poured into him. Above all, the England that longed to break its fetters found in him its voice. And what a voice: more resounding, more melodious never had been and never could be heard. His writings reveal his pride in his patrimony. 'John Milton, Englishman.' Long held down by 'the Norman gripe,' in the author of the *Areopagitica* and the *Paradise Lost*, England came to its own. It took a thousand years to make a Milton.

It is, however, with the prose of Milton that we have to do. *The Areopagitica, The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates,* the *Eikonoklastes, The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Commonwealth, Of the Reformation Touching Church Discipline, Of Prelatical Episcopacy, Animadversions upon the Remonstrants' Defence against Smectymnuus, The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy, The First and Second Defence of the English People against Salmasius*—all these belong to the period of his controversial writings. Brief references to them, with quotations taken here and

there, will be sufficient for our purpose. To have achieved this double excellence has been given to no other man in the long line of the immortals in English literature. In poetry epical and dramatic, after the Greek model, in the poetic drama, in the ode, in pastoral and elegiac verse—in each he comes easily first. So in his prose he attained a strength and grandeur never equalled by any writer in his native tongue. It is not, however, with the form, music, colour, and rhythm of his style, but with the substance of his teaching, that we are concerned.

The literature arising out of his domestic troubles, his original views on education, his theological tenets, and, in old age, his decline on the high Arian position—all that we must leave. Politically all his contention revolves around one central principle—an ordered liberty. A Free State, a Free Press, a Free Church and that without which man is a slave—Moral Freedom. All these applications of the principle of liberty rested on the assumption of the essential dignity and independence of man. That was the bedrock of Milton's political system. On the original rights of man —not without duties—reinforced by his own imperious consciousness, and taught in the Book, which was his daily companion and solace, is built up the whole structure of his political and ecclesiastical economy.

Out of this position arises, first the necessity of a Free State, or constitutional government. A freely elected parliament was the corollary of such primal rights. It was the only safeguard of a nation's liberties. To this king and people alike were to be subject. In his view, to the duly chosen burgesses of the people was to be delegated by heaven the entire power of the State. There is little limit to the terms he employs in referring to the chief council of the nation. 'The indiminishable majesty of our highest court—the law-giving and sacred parliament. There is no civil government that hath been known more divinely and harmoniously tuned, more equally balanced, as it were

by the hand and scales of justice, than is the Commonwealth of England where, under a free and untutored monarch, the noblest, worthiest, and most prudent men, with full approbation and suffrage of the people, have in their power the supreme and final determination of the highest affairs.' Knowing what poor human nature is, it will not be expected that Parliament came up to Milton's ideal. Still, it is right to invest duly constituted authority with respect. Nothing is gained by expecting bad things from any government, however frail and erring. From these quotations, and, especially, from *The Tenure of Kings*, it will be seen that, at bottom, Milton was republican. Further even than this he goes in his defence of the execution of Charles I.[1]

In dealing with such disputable matter the time in which Milton lived should be taken into account. Those were not the idle days of gay tourneys and mimic wars. Rather did the dread collision of the embattled hosts on the plains of heaven body forth the poet's conception of the tremendous issues of the times. The life-and-death struggle which was going on had everything to do with the root-and-branch policy of Milton, and his calling on the 'two-handed engine at the door.' That Parliament should be supreme will not, perhaps, be contested, but that the only way of getting rid of an impossible king was by the axe must not be admitted. Still, if it cannot be justified, it must be credited to the difficulties created by the real enemies of the State. Had Milton been living now it may safely be assumed that he would not have endorsed all that any other Milton might have written then. In his writings we can separate that which is accidental and temporary from that which is essential and eternal. All would now admit that the execution of Charles I. was a blunder—a blunder not repeated in the eventual disappearance from his misgoverned dominions of the last of the Stuart kings.

It is the abiding principles, expounded and enforced

[1] *Reformation in England*, Bohn, Vol. II, p. 408.

so eloquently by Milton, that, for their rule and guidance in high affairs of State, Kings, Lords, and Commons should take to heart. The aim of the prophet of the Commonwealth was 'to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility.'[1]

Passing from this, the immediate effect of the *Defence of the English People against Salmasius* may be noted. J. A. Hamilton says, 'Milton's pamphlet set all Europe laughing at the man, who had hitherto been acclaimed by senates and petted by queens. Scholars wrote to scholars, half deriding, half pitying him. He was a jest among wits. Monarchs gave him the cold shoulder. As for his great opponent, he had proved himself a defender of England's rights in the forum of civilized Europe.' His reply to Salmasius revealed him to the Continent as the greatest literary man of the age. To some extent in virtue of his equipment and achievement he occupied the proud position held by Erasmus in an earlier day.

And in his view the policy he would have applied to home affairs was just as applicable to the state of things abroad. Oppression he hated with all the strength of a nature self nourished on the free gift of heaven. Acting as Latin Secretary for Cromwell, at the time of the Waldensian persecution, he wrote letters to the Duke of Savoy and the other crowned heads and high powers of Europe, the like of which had not been known in the history of English foreign correspondence. In tone correctly diplomatic, they abate nothing of their purpose to stop the persecution. At the back of them was Cromwell, the man who would not sign the French treaty until Cardinal Mazarin bent his pride to the distasteful task of putting the needful pressure on the Duke of Savoy. Those were great days for England. The spirit of this extraordinary correspondence finds poetic expression in what Palgrave calls 'the most mighty sonnet in the English language':

[1] *Reason of Church Government*, Bohn, Vol. III, p. 479.

'Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints.'

With the Free State comes the Free Church, or Religious Liberty, for we may postulate that the two are inseparable. 'To be free,' he says, 'is the same thing as to be pious.' 'None can love freedom but good men.' Or as one, on whom the mantle of Milton fell, Wordsworth, says—

Claims from other worlds inspirited
The Star of Liberty to rise.

The contrary is unthinkable. At whatever end we begin, Church or State, the one will inevitably involve, or evolve, the other. Obviously, if any one particular denomination is established there is no equality; but, practically, religious freedom is secured when all intolerable disabilities are removed, and the Church of God—taking the term in its most comprehensive sense—enjoys the primitive and indisputable right to worship.

On this question, Milton sets forth his views in three tracts. He rests his argument on the right of every Christian, including the laity, to be his own priest. Such a position is not incompatible with the office and authority of the Christian pastor. The latter claim, with limitations, is acknowledged, and its value insisted on. Still, he demands for every man the privilege of direct access to God, the liberty of Covenant, the liberty of Free Grace.

If there be anything in such a theory of a Church it makes short work of Prelaty, and all its assumptions and pretensions. The two ideas won't meet—they won't mix. They are mutually exclusive. Happily Englishmen are not governed by political or ecclesiastical logic. They abhor cast-iron rules. There is a spirit of accommodation in the national character by which even a rigid system—if not too rigid—can be converted into a fairly workable machine. A few quotations will speak for themselves.

He refers to 'that feast of free grace to which Christ has invited His disciples.' He protests against 'engaging the untainted honour of English knighthood to force on

their fellow subjects that of which they themselves are weary—the skeleton of a mass book.'[1] 'Let not human quillets keep back divine authority.' His independent spirit rebels against 'that impertinent yoke of prelaty, under whose inquisitorius and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish.' He denounces those 'who would sew that Jewish veil which Christ by His death on the cross rent asunder.'[2] He protests against 'the railing in of a repugnant and contradictive Mount Sinai in the gospel.'[3] From this, and much more, it is clear that Milton did not approve of State Churches. He was no friend to bishops. As an Independent he was opposed alike to Prelaty and Presbyterianism. 'New Presbyter was but old Priest writ large.'

Unlike the doctrinaires of the French Revolution, and certain modern socialist teachers, Milton and his Italian parallel, Mazzini, insisted that the only true support and nourisher of national independence and liberty was moral—it was inward freedom. This only was real liberty, and was to be sought from within, rather than from without. The emancipation of the soul from the bondage of the senses must precede political and all other external liberation. Otherwise there is no true freedom. 'If the truth shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.'

We take last that which, in some respects, should come first, for it is the greatest and best known of all the prose writings of Milton, his appeal for a Free Press—the *Areopagitica*. The story of how it came to be written is so well known that it need not be repeated here. This demand for uncensured publication of opinion has been carried still further in these days, and, in some notorious instances, with less wholesome reason in it.

In the same spirit in which Milton addressed the powers

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[1] *Reformation in England*, Bohn, Vol. II, pp. 406–7.
[2] *Reason of Church Government*, Bohn, Vol. II, p. 493.
[3] Ib., p. 495.

of Europe he propitiates the Presbyterian parliament of England. 'Your mild and equal government,' 'the meek demeanour of your civil and gentle greatness.' Such terms have a savour of flattery in them—implying, as they do, certain moral attributes on which the powers of the day set little value, and which their subsequent conduct scarcely justified. Such an ascription of virtues to the eminent authorities to be propitiated might, some would say, be catalogued along with such fulsome effusions as the dedication of the translators of the Authorized Version to 'the Most High and Mighty Prince James.' Whatever may have been the ground and motive of these undeserved compliments—and for them Milton justly claimed absolute sincerity—none the less did he stressfully press his point, and, for all time, his essay remains the most splendid plea for free thought and free discussion in the language. In it is a coinage of phrases which will circulate as long as our literature lasts, and it cannot be doubted that the truth of that trumpet appeal will be the glorious freehold of the world for ever.

Though it seems sacrilege to dismember such a book, let us extract a few of Milton's sayings. 'As good almost kill a man as kill a good book. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.' Modern censors and reviewers will sympathize with this: 'There cannot be more tedious work than to be the perpetual reader of unchosen books.' 'Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making.' 'Should ye set up an oligarchy of twenty engrossers to bring a famine upon our minds again?' 'Liberty which is the nurse of all great wits.' When we remember the effect—which we shall now notice—of this classic protest against the high-handed action of the 'New Forcers of conscience,' may we not say that, as the result of his prose writings, and apart from his poetry, the Free Press of England is Milton's noblest legacy to his race?

This brings us to the question which concerns us most nearly—What was the effect of Milton's prose writings on his own times, and what is their influence—if any—on ours? It cannot be claimed that the authorities of the day paid much heed to his plea for an unlicensed press. The Long Parliament took no notice of it. So far as the High Court was concerned the *Areopagitica* might just as well have been consigned to the flames, unread and unlamented. The Lords and Commons of England do not generally show much respect for outside theorists.

But, if the representatives of the nation treated Milton's appeal with such scant courtesy, it was not so with the people. The effect of the stinging sentences of the *Areopagitica* soon began to manifest itself. As we are informed by Masson, Milton's jocular specimens of the imprimaturs in old books took hold of the popular fancy. In the records of those times of dull oppression by a Puritan legislature, of whom better things might have been expected, this is one of the most refreshing things of which we read. True it is that humour never dies—it belongs to every age and people. To prefix to certain books a mock licence became the joke of the day. This ridicule helped on the emancipation of the press. As the result of this contagious mirth—at their expense—the licensors took a more modest view of their duties, and modified their official action accordingly.

Like all prophets, Milton lived before his time. Roman intolerance had got into the official blood of the nation, and, as we have seen, even Protestants, despite their dearly purchased liberties, applied, if not to the same extent, yet only too well, the fettering methods handed down to them of the secular and spiritual powers whom they had superseded. Hence it was that the teaching of Milton did not, at once, take its full effect. After the Commonwealth came the deluge of the Restoration, when everything that was pure and lovely and of good report went down in a sea of ribaldry and licence. And with corruption in Court and

Church came religious deadness and persecution. It was the age of small statesmen at home, and of contempt abroad. The land of Wyclif and Milton ceased to know itself, and became a byword among the nations.

But Milton was not dead, nor was Oliver Cromwell. The truths for which they stood could not die. The stream of a nation's rights and hopes may become diverted by rock and boulder, but, when these are passed, it seeks and finds the main channel again. In the English language such words as Milton's had never flamed out before, nor have they since, but they have touched kindred souls, and, through these, they are working out the high destiny of a great people. Witness enough can be supplied to support the belief that, in a supreme degree, John Milton has been a maker of modern England.

To the abiding influence of Milton on English political thought, an anthology of testimonies might be easily compiled. That political thinkers and reformers have been inspired by his writings might be taken for granted. Surely no man is less in need of an advertisement than the author of the *Areopagitica*, and it almost requires an apology to his memory to advance any proof that he is still a mighty force in the English-thinking world. But when, in an amazing passage in his 'Milton' in the *English Men of Letters* series, a writer of distinction like Mark Pattison 'regrets that he who was meditating the erection of an enduring creation "such as the world would not willingly let die," was content to occupy himself with the most ephemeral of all hackwork,' with other still more disparaging observations, it does seem necessary to adduce some evidence—taken mostly at random—to the contrary.

The poets have notably been loyal to their chief. No man has done so much as Wordsworth to transmit the Miltonic tradition and spirit. With extraordinary force he lent his own great influence to this. Most infectious is

his enthusiasm. His own sonnets on the subject stand like eternal pillars in the English constitution.

Mark Pattison calls him 'the moral king of English literature.' Channing describes the *Areopagitica* as 'a precious manual of freedom, an arsenal of immortal weapons.' So with Macaulay, John Richard Green, and many others. 'The words of Milton are true in all times.' They hold the future in fee. 'He believed that the principles for which he contended would be coeval with the progress of the nation.' Their inspiration came from heights above the Aonian mount. And not England only, but her daughter nations, and the peoples of the Continent, have felt the impact of the work, with which we must associate his name and influence.

If, in 1789, the French plunged into excesses that were unheard of here, it was because with their revolution religion had nothing to do. Any national movement that is anti-Christian carries in it the germs of its own destruction.

It is not, of course, assumed that other diverse, and even hostile, influences have not worked against those great reforms for which Milton laboured, with brain and pen. Ultra-ecclesiastical and reactionary political movements there have been, and always will be. Nor is this altogether to be regretted. Uniformity is sometimes another name for stagnation—and death. Yet, when all is said that can be said for or against the things we do not like, it remains that the forces which are strongest will in the end prevail, even when alien influences are domiciled in the life of the nation. Tried by ethical and historical tests, we must fain think that the great principles of national righteousness and national liberty for which, through the best twenty years of his life, Milton contended, must show the general way the Anglo-Saxon peoples will take.

Without undue vanity Milton knew well the affluence of power that was in him. And, strengthened by this noble self-consciousness, he clearly foresaw the immortality

which awaited his poetical work. Like a prophet did he anticipate that his efforts on behalf of the purity and independence of the people would endure. Working to the last—almost alone—for this he gave up his personal liberty, his eyesight, his tranquillity—his all. If any one would speak of England, let him take Milton for his text. More than to any other of his race is the adjective applied to the name of the blind old man justified—'the divine Milton.' For much of his prose and verse, he believed that his authority came to him on the holy mount, to which only dedicated spirits can attain.

What other writer in the language could have written as he did in his 'Second Defence'? 'I imagine myself, not in the forum or on the rostrum, surrounded only by the people of Athens or of Rome, but about to address in this, as I did in my former Defence, the whole collective body of people, cities, states, and councils of the wise and eminent, through the wide expanse of anxious and listening Europe. . . . Surrounded by congregated multitudes, I now imagine that, from the columns of Hercules to the Indian Ocean, I behold the nations of the earth recovering that liberty, which they so long had lost.'[1]

We have endeavoured to show that the sentiment of an ordered liberty, which enters so deeply into the mental and moral fibre of the English people, and with which we associate so much of what is most valuable and enduring in religion and conduct, in Christian politics and literature, found its noblest expression in Milton; and that, from the commanding height of his character and genius, power has gone forth that has moved the best thought of his country in all succeeding ages, and for all time will make for that which is holiest and strongest in the nation's life. Certain it is that in those moral affinities, which lie deepest in us all, two names are for ever united—Milton and England.

R. W. G. Hunter.

[1] *The Second Defence*, Bohn, Vol. I, pp. 219-20.

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